

Tularosa Ranch Eggs

35c Dozen

RECEIVED FRESH EVERY DAY

MILITARY PICKLE

The rapidity with which this Pickle has come to the front and assumed the very first place among Pickles is due solely to the high quality and delicacy of flavor.

35c Per Bottle

Ferndell Chili Sauce, per bottle.....25c
 Ferndell Preserved Red Raspberries, per can. 30c
 Minced Olives, per can.....30c
 Educator Bran Cookies, per box.....30c

WATSON'S GROCERY

BOWMAN IS PROMOTED TO ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT
 Nogales, Ariz., Feb. 10.—W. G. Bowman, a former agent at the Southern Pacific station here, has been promoted to the position of assistant superintendent on the Sonora lines to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of N. Bailey, at Empalme.

gales, have gone to Tucson to take the examination for mounted inspector in the immigration service.
 Two men, who entered the El Paso store here and attempted to get away with some trousers, were taken into custody by sheriff Saxon to appear before justice Chatham.

Mutt and Jeff are with us. Another appearance today on Classified page. Every day in The Herald hereafter.



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Who Make Prompt Responses TO TELEPHONE CALLS.



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 Bell 1064 Trunks, Bags and Leather Goods Auto 1944
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 We store goods. Opp. Postoffice, across Plaza

Retail GROCERIES Wholesale Auto 1271
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 CLIFFORD BROS. 307-309 E. Overland St.

WE REPAIR EVERYTHING
 Key Fitting, Lock Work, Umbrellas, Guns and Bicycles Repaired.
 Agent Cleveland and Westfield Bicycles
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ICE CREAM Auto 1168
 Smith Ice Cream Co.
 FAMILY ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

LUMBER
 HURTON-LENGO CO., FIRST & KANSAS STS. BELL 50; AUTO 1100

DRUGGISTS Auto 1068
 A. E. RYAN & CO. 212 SAN ANTONIO ST.
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CARR DRUG CO. Auto 1020
 202 Texas St.
 SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS AND DENTAL SUPPLIES.

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 116 to 120 San Francisco St. Careful Men. Bell 1-Auto 1201

BAGGAGE and MOVING Auto 1966
 "We're there in just a minute." Storage and Packing by careful men at right price.
 BELL 1054. ODOM'S TRANSFER. AUTO 1966

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 Secret, Prompt and Accurate. Efficient Service. Reasonable Rates.
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CUT RATE HARDWARE
 HENRY MOHR
 309 S. El Paso St.
 Guns, Ammunition, Wagon Covers, Builders' Hardware, Tools, all kinds. Saddles, Harness, Cutlery, Tents, Oil Paint, Etc.

"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE"

Novelized By Frederick R. Toombs.

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Assn.

From the Great Play by Paul Armstrong.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Avery read the message. The pallor of unerring fear came upon him. His head dropped forward and he glanced apprehensively about him. His hand trembled as he laid the paper on the desk. He sank hopelessly into a chair. "Doyle," the old man choked—"Doyle!" He said he'd slough me, and now he'll do it—or else he'll make me pay blackmail. You never can tell how much a copper wants for keepin' quiet.

"Oh, don't get blue," encouraged Valentine. "He doesn't want you fellows. It's me that he is after." He examined a large photograph which Avery had sent him. It showed the tables and guests at a large banquet in a luxuriously appointed restaurant. "Yes, I think this saves me," he remarked. He held it before Red, asking, "What's this?"

"Flashlight of a banquet." "Who is this on the right of the toastmaster?" pointing at a face in the picture.

"You." "Pipe the date," went on the assistant cashier. "Feb. 9, 1906. Do you remember where I was on that date?" He gazed curiously at Red. Avery watched the proceeding with rare interest.

The watchman became thoughtful. At last a puzzled wrinkle marked his forehead. "Why—why—you—were—in—Sing Sing—prison—on—that—date," he replied confusedly.

Valentine and Avery laughed in their superior knowledge. "No, no," protested Valentine, "this photograph proves I was at a banquet in St. Paul. I'll beat Doyle and I'll make him like it."

"You can't," was Avery's pessimistic comment. "You said we couldn't go square, any of us, and we all have," was Valentine's rejoinder. "And if we can beat the thing inside of us that calls we can beat one man that hunts."

A clerk knocked at the door and entered to ascertain if he should now bring in a trayful of cash which Valentine was to count. He was ordered to do so at once, and Avery's face became a study as the young man soon re-entered with a tray on which new banknotes of large denominations were piled among glistening rows of gold coin.

"Great snakes, what a chance!" exclaimed the one time thief, looking from Valentine to the watchman. "This is no place for me. Oh, just for one grab and the quick getaway!" He mopped his wrinkled brow. "I'm sweating like a polar bear on the Fourth of July."

"Haven't got it out of your blood yet, eh?" asked Valentine. "Not the price for real money. I

learned to let the wheat in the grain elevator alone after a month or two, but coarse money like that—wow!" The old man stared fascinatedly at the enticing tray.

"Well, we watched each other for awhile," commented Red, pointing to his chief.

"And ain't neither of you ever snatched even one bundle?" asked Avery incredulously.

"No." "Well, you better get me out of here. I'm going to have lockjaw in both hands in a minute." He reached for his hat and stick.

"No, you're not," put in Valentine. "Come on, Red," he said, walking to the vault room door. "I'm going to prove to Bill that he's honest. He's going to watch that money till we come back."

Avery cried out in protest, but Red followed his superior, and the time

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over his eyes, and he sobbed in the agony that gripped the soul which had been restored to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I TOOK—some of—that money," Avery finally managed to say as he saw his two friends before him.

"And you put it back," smiled Valentine. "The minute you touched it you found you couldn't!"

"That's it," put in Avery eagerly as he arose and proceeded to aid Red in restoring the scattered money to its place. "I couldn't take it then. Now I can go out of here and know that I'll never steal again."

"You mustn't go until Doyle comes in, for he might see you on the street," warned Valentine. "When he comes you can go out through the vault room and make your getaway while I stall him here."

In talking with Avery, Jimmy Valentine unconsciously fell into the use of the vernacular of his early vocation.

With a parting handshake Avery went out into the vault room, where Red was to exhibit to him the big new safe. The assistant cashier, now that the tray of money had been replaced on the table, picked up the photograph, hung it in the place of another affixed to the wall at the right of his desk and inspected it with pronounced satisfaction.

The hall door opened, and Rose Lane came into the office. The girl was in a peculiar mood that day—there was no denying it. Valentine had always found his benefactor, young though she was, particularly difficult to fathom, and today she was more baffling than ever. She talked at length regarding her plans for the children's Christmas celebration, and, standing before his desk, while he stood behind it, she said, "And I want to know what you want for Christmas."

"Is there anything I could want?" he answered in low tones. "Think of what you and two short years have done for me."

"And there's never anything more you want? Don't you ever dream—dreams of, say, two years more?" She turned her eyes to the floor.

"Oh, yes, to go on as I've been going these last two, since your father gave me a position of trust, and make everything good and pile up the money for you."

She drew away from him. "Haven't you ever thought there might be something I want more than money?"

Valentine hesitated. His voice became intensely serious. "I don't let myself think of you only as your employee," he finally answered.

Rose turned sideways to him, so that he could not see her face as she delivered her next question, although she would have given much to have been able to watch the expression of the assistant cashier—her assistant cashier—as she asked it.

"But," she ventured, "you must have thought that I would marry some day."

Silence, with Valentine fumbling in embarrassment a pencil which lay upon his desk.

"Yes—I—," he began, but Rose continued his sentence for him. "And it hurts you to think of it, doesn't it? Say it."

"Yes." "Go on."

He could endure the situation no longer. The girl had penetrated his very soul with her questions, had uncovered in Jimmy Valentine the secrets of his new life—the secrets which he had resolved to keep buried forever. But now he must speak. He must tell her the truth about his situation as regarded her—part of the truth, at least.

"And the thought of you brings darkness, desolation," he said, keeping a firm grip on the emotions that threatened to unnerve him. "What is the use? You're all there is to live for—to just see you now and then. You're all there is to life. Men have loved and slaves have loved and animals that have been saved have loved, but never were the three loves fused in one. And you're good, and your life is clean, while mine—but you know all that." He inclined his face from her.

"I have forgotten," she said simply. "You cannot. And any day the shadow of other days may fall. But I want you to know this and believe it as your God—my love for you is a holy thing, sacred and deathless." Valentine was looking earnestly into her eyes now. His hand was resting on the desk. She seized it in hers and drew him toward her.

"Take me in your arms, Lee," she cried fervently. "I love you, I'll love you till—" Her face was upraised to his as she clung to him. He held her in his arms and kissed her again and again. "How I have longed for you—years—years—" Her words were smothered in his kisses.

"There is no end to the happiness you bring," murmured Valentine at the first moment he thought he could spare his lips for conversational purposes.

"Oh," exclaimed Rose, drawing away at arm's length temporarily. "I want to tell you something, Lee. something I've known for years and years—we are going to marry."

He caught her into his arms once more. "I love you. It will never end," he

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whispered fondly.

The telephone bell rang at his desk. As he released her and placed the receiver at his ear she encircled his neck in her arms and kissed him. "Hello," he called. As the response came she felt a tremor run through him. Haggardness came into his eyes. He seemed almost to forget her presence.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "I'll see the gentleman in a few minutes." He hung up the receiver. "God," he groaned, "Doyle!"

Valentine turned toward the girl, who surveyed him anxiously. "What is it?" she asked. She saw that he was deeply worried.

"I don't know," he stammered, "but it is most important—most important." "Well, I'll run downtown; the car is waiting," she said happily. "Then I'll come back and get you and dad and take you home."

His face had taken on the pallor that marked the visages of men who came from Warden Handler's gang of outlaws.

"Yes, but should this man have business which would take me out of town?"

"But you mustn't go out of town—now hear me." She, of course, had not the slightest suspicion of the true importance of that telephone call.

"I won't if there's a way out." "Well, just don't—just don't," pleaded Rose. "I am going to leave the children here to take care of you."

"Rose," he cried, going to her. "Rose, it was chance that brought us together; it was chance that brought you to a prison one day. Chance is uncertain, capricious, and that same chance may separate us suddenly."

"Nothing can separate us," confidently.

"Let that be our prayer to all the gods. But this I want you to remember—from my soul I love you. Now go."

She kissed her hand and waved it toward him as she went out of the door.

"Goodbye, Rose." He stood a moment; then, taking down the telephone receiver, he said into the mouthpiece: "Hello. All right. Send the gentleman in."

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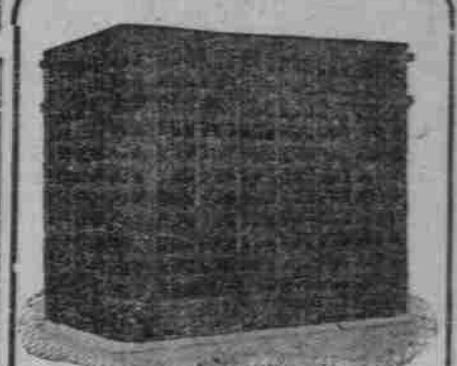
201 W. Missouri St., El Paso.

man in." After a pause: "What? He's gone into Mr. Lane's office? The telephone receiver fell to the desk with a crash. Doyle rose into the office of Mr. Lane. Doyle's father. Here was a new complication, a new danger, one which Jimmy Valentine had not included in his calculations. Well, come what may, he must face the situation.

"Miss Taylor—Miss Mabel," he called, taking up the receiver and asking for the "central" of the bank's private exchange, "give me Mr. Lane's office. Hello, Mr. Lane. Oh, now regarding that Germond note, he says that he—Oh, you are coming into my office now with a Mr. Doyle? All right. I'll be here. Very well. Goodbye."

The receiver clattered into its wonted position on the hook, and Jimmy Valentine stood at his desk awaiting the arrival of Rose Lane's father and Detective George Doyle.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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